

"WORLD" GROWTH

STRIKINGLY SHOWN.

The Average Number of "WORLDS" Printed Daily and also the Average Number of Advertisements Published Daily during the First Six Months of the Years 1884 and 1888 were as follows:

1884. 1888.

Average Number Advertisements Daily.

532. 1,816.

Average Daily Circulation.

56,749. 288,267.

LABOR AND THE CONSPIRACY LAWS.

The meeting of delegates of the Labor organizations of the State at Troy to-day is for the purpose of considering the best course the Labor men can take in the approaching election to promote the amendment of the Conspiracy laws. At present, it is contended, the decisions of the courts make all combinations of workmen except to compel the increase or to prevent the decrease of wages come under the penal provisions of the Conspiracy laws, while in no instance have such laws been held to make illegal any combination of capital to oppress or coerce labor.

At the extra session of the Legislature Gov. HILL recommended as one of the subjects for legislation the modification of the Conspiracy laws to remedy the wrongs complained of. But the Legislature by a strict party vote refused to take up the matter, the Republicans all voting against the Governor's recommendation.

The Central Labor Union has already decided against any political action on the part of the organization for or against either party in the election, and in favor of supporting only such members of Assembly as are ready to pledge themselves to advocate and vote for the desired change in the Conspiracy laws. This is the practical way of getting at the object sought; provided, of course, that a Governor who will not vote such a reform sits in the Executive Chamber.

HOW TO DO IT.

Corporation Counsel BREKMAN has come to the conclusion that the Legislature must not before we can have any thorough reform in our jury system. He admits that it will be a troublesome and a long job to remodel the jury laws, and says that he "would be obliged to anybody for suggestions."

Well, we will offer one to Mr. BREKMAN. He knows very well that a good law can be made bad by its dishonest and corrupt administration, and that a bad law can be greatly improved by being honestly administered. Mr. BREKMAN is not foolish enough to contend that the jury laws, as they now exist, compel a Commissioner of Jurors to draw such panels as suit him, or to remit nearly \$300,000 in fines in six months, mainly without cause.

Our "suggestion" is, therefore, for the Corporation Counsel to reply to the Mayor's request for information by telling him that the jury laws need revision; that the present laws, however, if honestly administered can be made effective in securing good juries, especially by enforcing fines imposed on delinquent jurors; that new legislation will take time, while the abuses of the present office need immediate suppression, and that it is the duty of the Mayor in the interest of the people to remove CHARLES REILLY forthwith and to certify his removal to the Governor for approval.

It ought to make no difference that Mr. REILLY is a prominent Democratic leader, and we hope Mr. BREKMAN will be pleased with our suggestion.

ABUSE OF IMMIGRANTS.

The outrageous treatment of immigrants by the railroad pool in Castle Garden has long been notorious, and has been suffered to continue until it has grown bold enough to defy the law. The pool seizes on immigrants arriving at this port, charges them a "combination" rate of fare; plunders them shamefully in extra baggage weight; subjects them to abuse and imposition by the sharks who handle their baggage; compels them to travel by whatever route the manager of the pool may dictate, often sending parents by one line and their children by another, and transports them in filthy, inconvenient cars at a rate of speed as slow as a heavy freight train, to which the cars are often attached.

Yesterday, however, the pool exceeded its previous outrages on the rights of immigrants. The steamship *Hecla* arrived at an early hour in the morning. The passengers were provided with through tickets to points West over the Ontario and

Western route, which is outside the pool. The employees of the pool boarded the boat, obtained the orders of the passengers on false representations, and then carried them to Castle Garden to be exchanged for tickets on some of the pool railroads. In this sharp practice they were foiled by Immigration Commissioner STEVENSON.

Thousands of naturalized citizens here have friends and relatives among the immigrants, and are interested in their proper protection. Of what value are International Commerce Commissioners and Railroad Commissioners if the abuses and dishonest practices of the Castle Garden railroad pool are suffered to exist without interference?

A SILLY ROMANCE.

A young Hungarian named OERS BAROTHY killed himself in Chicago last Friday. It now appears that the suicide was an affair of honor and that the deceased really lost his life in a duel.

Among the absurd romances about America indulged in by the Europeans is the story that the popular method of fighting a duel here is for the adversaries to draw from a box containing two balls, one black and the other white. Whoever gets the black ball is compelled in honor to take his own life within a stated period, choosing his own method of death. Of course no such practice prevails or is it known in America. But it was the plan agreed on by BAROTHY and a fellow-countryman with whom he quarrelled three years ago. BAROTHY drew the black ball, and the agreement was that he should take his own life on the third anniversary of the date of the drawing. The loser came to the United States. Last Friday was the appointed day of death, and the young Hungarian kept his honor and took his life.

This is very romantic, but very silly. If BAROTHY had only reflected that suicide is a crime under our laws and that any agreement to commit a crime is null and void, he might have had a fair excuse for living. Or if he had taken a wife and had a couple of children, as he might have had, since the "duel" was fought, he might have thought it better to put "honor" in his pocket and continue on this earth. As it is, his old adversary, if alive, will probably laugh at him, and think that if he had drawn the black ball he should not have made such a ninny of himself.

The little Judge with the large head and the big voice has a keen appreciation of wit. When he told NELLIE DAVIS, a laundress, who had been recruiting after a hard wash, that he had a grudge against laundresses because they tore the buttons off his shirt and he had no wife to sew them on, NELLIE's quick retort, "Then why don't you get a wife, Judge?" saved her a month on the island. But as she went off, delighted, the burly court officer was deeply touched, for he noticed that as the Judge buried his head in a huge law volume his lip quivered and something very like a tear glistened on a page of the book.

OWNEY BROWN is the successor of DANNY DRESCOLL as leader of the Whyos. He is in trouble for robbing and feloniously assaulting a grocer named HERMAN BROWN and this time BROWN is likely to be caged for ten years. This is gratifying. But in the name of Police and Justice why does the Whyo gang exist?

WORLDLINGS.

Chief Justice Fuller has the reputation of being a brilliant whist-player. During the hard times of the Confederacy, in 1864, Southern people had to pay \$200 for the material alone of a coat and vest of homespun. A dress that would ordinarily cost \$10 could not be bought at that time for less than \$800.

Mrs. Wilbur F. Storey, widow of the great Chicago editor, is said by a Saratoga correspondent to be worth \$10,000,000, although one-tenth of that amount would probably represent her fortune. She is not yet past middle life, is a lady of distinguished presence, and dresses in excellent taste.

Willard Brown, an aged resident of Chicago, paid Postmaster Riley, of Cincinnati, a visit the other day and told him how he used to carry the mail from Cincinnati to Piqua, O., on horseback in 1834. He received \$4 a month for his services. There were only three employees of the Cincinnati Post-office at that time.

George F. Jones, the chief telegraph operator of the Postal Company in the Philadelphia Stock Exchange, is a great-grandson of John Hancock, or Declaration of Independence fame. He was born on Independence Day, 1853, and served in the war as a drummer boy in the North Carolina Mountain Guards.

A REMARKABLE LETTER.

Did Ever Newspaper Before Receive Such a Tribute?—Scarcely May See the Original. To the Editor of The Evening World:

I am getting well in years now, but I have never read or heard of a paper like THE EVENING WORLD. The good that it is doing is wonderful. It secures justice to all—rich and poor, high and low, great and small, white and black. My belief is that it is an honest paper to the people and for the people. It has been doing good ever since its existence was started, and is still doing its good works. May it ever live, and may everybody in this broad land read it—let them be Democrats or Republicans—for it has done and is doing what no other paper has done. Nothing is too great or small for its notice in doing good for mankind. It endeavors to rescue the perishing and help those who try to help themselves. Just now it is doing something that will prove a success in its interest for the wage-workers. It is climbing higher and higher in the minds and hearts of the people. I refer particularly to the column headed "Seeking a Job." I am one among the thousands that have experienced this seeking a job in my past days. I know that the experience of your seeker for employment and the good advice and many hints given as to how to approach an employer and secure work will prove very valuable to thousands of unfortunate men.

CARL JOHN.

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SEEKING A JOB.

An "Evening World" Man's Quest for Employment.

He Manages to Secure Two Situations.

Some Deductions From His Seven Days' Experience.

On the seventh day of THE EVENING WORLD reporter's quest for a situation he resolved to be on hand among the first and rose at day-break.

While getting his breakfast he looked over the want columns in THE WORLD and selected a batch which seemed to be more promising than any of his previous lists, and he started out with more confidence and enthusiasm than ever.

As it was to be his final trip he determined to do his best to get a place, and the outlook was certainly not discouraging.

The first want on his list was the following: CROCKERY CLERK—Pushing man, honest and good worker, wanted, references required.

When the reporter reached the place named the store had just been opened, and there was but one other applicant on hand, and he was talking to the proprietor.

A moment after he went out with an expression of disappointment on his face, and it was the reporter's turn.

"How long have you been in the grocery business?" was the first inquiry addressed to him.

He was obliged to acknowledge that his talents had heretofore been employed in another line of business, but said he thought he could fill the bill satisfactorily.

"But I want a man to take charge while I am away. What references have you?" Here again the applicant was compelled to admit that he had none, but promised to procure them.

"Well, I like your appearance, young man, and before I decide I would like to see you again. Will you make my final decision until I have seen more applicants. Supposing you get those references and come in again about noon."

"Hello!" here's another one, I guess," he exclaimed as a seedy individual stopped and looked in the door with an uncertain, inquiring air, and the reporter made his way out, encouraged at last by his first attempt. His next visit was made in answer to this advertisement:

BOOKKEEPER WANTED for a few hours daily. There was no one around when the reporter arrived, and the store was locked. He waited half an hour before it was opened, and by that time nine fellow applicants had made their appearance, and his chances began to seem less rosy.

Shortly after the door was opened a gentleman, who said he was the person who had advertised for the bookkeeper, made his appearance at the door, and ushered upstairs into a medium-sized office.

Each one was told to write at dictation a paragraph for the morning paper as a specimen of his handwriting, and was asked a few questions. It did not take over twenty minutes to examine six of the applicants, when the proprietor said:

"I like you very much, and it is no use for the rest of you to remain. I have selected this young man for the place," he said, indicating THE EVENING WORLD reporter, who was too much surprised at first to know what to say.

A hurried private explanation, however, with the proprietor followed, and the others, who were on their way downstairs, were summoned back, much to their astonishment, while the reporter, elated by his success, went on to try again.

It was getting on in the morning now, and all the places of business were open when the reporter took a car to answer the next on his list, which was:

WANTED—A man to take charge of a coal office; \$6 a week, jobbing house, salary moderate.

"You're too late young man," was the response to his application for the job.

"You must get out earlier if you want a place like this. Why, I had eight men around here at 7 o'clock this morning," he added, as the reporter turned to go.

The fourth place visited was in answer to the following want:

BOOKKEEPER for a comfortable position in reliable business. Salary \$100 per month.

It was with little hope of getting so desirable a position that the reporter entered the store on the west side and asked for the proprietor or other kept him company.

He found him in his private office and was told to sit outside while he was engaged in examining some other applicants for the place. He had been at least twenty-five hours here since that time. Some of them went away but I am going to stick it out."

When it came the reporter's turn he went in and was engaged in conversation by a pleasant spoken gentleman. He was asked about his knowledge of bookkeeping, business in general and asked to give some specimen of his hand writing, some references.

"I have had one or two very desirable applicants this morning," he said, "and I prefer you to any of them, and I think I will give you the place if you will furnish me with satisfactory references as to your character."

This was enough for the reporter, and after explaining the object of his visit asked to be excused.

As the result of his seven days' experiences in search of a situation, the reporter found that, although many things contributed to success in such a quest, some were so important to be absolutely essential to secure any good position in a business house.

The first of these was clean linen. A person's clothes may be worn and threadbare, but if his collar and cuffs are clean and white it gives him an air of neatness and respectability which at once makes a favorable impression.

General neatness and tidiness in appearance should be also attained, but not dissimulation. Another good point is to be as early as possible at the place, and be first among the applicants. If it shows energy.

FROM THE CITY'S WHIRL.

A Mexican War Veteran Caught in a Bad Predicament.

An instance of heroism worthy of a better cause, and showing how much pain pride will compel a man to endure, was lately told to THE EVENING WORLD reporter.

The details are vouched for by people who knew the interested parties.

"It happened in a little town in Pennsylvania some years ago," said the narrator, "and as the people connected with the story are dead, there can be no harm in relating the particulars, even if the participants should be remembered."

"There was a farmer living on the outskirts of the village whose parsimony was only equalled by his wealth. About three miles from his farm lived a veteran of the Mexican war, who was earning a scanty living doing odd jobs for the farmer, who all liked him and helped him along whenever they could."

"His wants, however, exceeded the supply, and in consequence he took to stealing produce, not from those who had befriended him, but from the parsimonious farmer. The latter soon began to notice that his stock of corn stored in his barn was decreasing rapidly, and a small, square hole in the wall within easy reach of the corn offered an easy solution to the cause of the disappearance."

"The farmer procured a large trap, which he placed beside the hole, and retired to await the result. The next morning he arose early and went out to the barn, and the first thing he saw was a man standing with his arm thrust in the hole, his teeth clattering with the cold—for it was in the fall—and a look of acute anguish on his face. The bear-trap had caught his arm, and it was impossible to get him out by the other hand through the hole to release himself; so there he had been for some hours, enduring the pain of the spring trap and too proud to call for help."

"Pretending not to notice the man's predicament, the farmer said pleasantly: 'Nice frosty morning, John!'

'Yes, sir,' was the faint reply. 'You're up early, John, to be so far from home.'

'No answer. 'I was just going in to breakfast, John, suppose you come and eat with me?'

'I can't sir, I'm—' 'Nonsense, man, you haven't had your breakfast yet. Come in the house,' and the old farmer began to walk away, turning around every few steps to bid the veteran 'come along.'

After torturing him thus for awhile, the farmer finally begged to be released, saying that he had borne the pain of the trap and the cold for three hours, and upon his promising to keep honest in future, the old farmer released him, promising at the same time to keep silence upon the matter as long as the veteran would keep honest. Both promises were faithfully kept, and it was only after the death of the veteran that the story leaked out."

A Free Show that Attracts Big Audiences in Broadway.

A Broadway toy-dealer offers an exhibition which has not been seen in New York before and for which no fee is collected.

The show is rigged up in his front window, and the crowds that stop to witness the performances attest the interest that is taken in them.

The dealer has imported several patented models of the domestic crowd, and these are what amuse the audience each afternoon.

One of these figures represents a pig-pen. A pig is standing still, and a man, who is dressed like a baker, has a grip on the pig's tail. When the figure is moved, the pig starts on a run for his hole, dragging the man after him. It is a very funny sight.

The man who designed the other figure represents a domestic crowd. The father and son who owned a jackass and carried the latter because people said it was a shame that they should both ride on a poor old animal that could barely carry them. A picture of a farmyard is shown. A young man is seated on the back of a jackass, while the poor father leads the way. When this figure is wound up the jackass starts off and disappears in its stable. The figures are gotten up for advertising purposes, and sell for \$30 apiece.

Rather Pay for Shaves Than Be Poked at Beards.

It is a common practice among saloon-keepers to keep a slate. Sometimes they have no difficulty in collecting the amounts due, and at other times it is a "hustle," as one of them put it.

There are barbers, too, who indulge in this pernicious practice, but as a general thing they can collect the amounts due.

A Brooklyn barber didn't enjoy such good luck. He trusted a number of his customers, principally the young men, until there was quite a good-sized queue due him.

He tried to collect the money, but couldn't. His debtors had all sorts of transparent excuses ready, and the venerable Teuton, getting enraged at this seeming lack of principle, resolved to include in a little blackmail.

When they called at his shop again he told them that he was going to post a bulletin board in his window giving their names and the amount due.

He said he would give them until Sept. 1 to settle.

That was Aug. 18. Since then small army of money has been pouring in, and the German barber is correspondingly happy.

Governor's Island Is a Pretty Playground, but the Soldiers Do Hard Work.

Governor's Island, on the lovely days of early autumn, is a standing argument for its being turned into a public park. What a relief it would be to the people to escape there for a few hours from the noise and rush of the lower end of the town.

The long stretches of green lawn, the bay glistening beyond the breezy walks, the young trees—all made a picture that one might envy. It is a study in green.

The soldier boys are away from the island now, at least the larger number of them. They are down at Fisher's Island practicing rifle shooting. Forty of them remain behind to guard thirty who are prisoners in Castle Thunder. It seems as if going to the island was a picnic for the boys, but when an Evening World reporter remarked something to this effect he was met by a shake of the head.

Oh, no! It isn't fun for them to learn how to shoot. It is work and not play."

Remove. [From Life.]

Dr. Jack—How's this—on the stick this? Aggy—Ya-sa, weally, I can't stand this wild life! Three cigarettes and a glass of wine I want night, I want to get up this morning before 5. I must reform.

One of the most elegant things that was shown in the *embarras des richesses* of the milliners' shops was a bonnet in two shades of velvet—one very dark, almost black, and the other a bright, beautiful blue. It was arranged in tiny plaits against the former. The bonnet had a slightly projecting brim.

There was a spray of jet passementerie. The strings were of narrow black velvet. One of the most stunning things flourished before the eyes of the dazed Evening World man was a toque devised by Mme. Cretaux.

It was something that only a very daring and graceful woman could dare to wear. It was able to the point of desperation. The body was of folds of sage-green broadcloth and there was a border of white tulle and lace. The price was not so delicate, for this lovely thing cost a cool \$70.

A \$75 hat (oh! hapless fathers, and still more hapless husbands!) was by Mme. Linn Faulkner, of Paris. The crown of the hat was round, and it swelled out slightly at the top. It was about three inches high, and the material was Havana brown velvet. In the front a large bow of gros-grain ribbon of the same shade held a feather tinted in two shades, brown and sage green. A spray of leaves in head passementerie adorned the brim, and the same substitute for strings did duty here as in the two described, a sort of bow of ostrich feathers in the same shades of brown and green.

One more bonnet, sent by Mme. Hertz Boyer, deserves notice. All the bonnets are small and run to the conical shape in their trimmings. This one is of silver gray velvet, covered with massive gold embroidery over the whole. The brim is of the same velvet, and the ribbon is of the same color. The price is \$40.

Though some of our wealthy New York ladies with a reputation for taste in bonnets and hats may in these by the score, it may be an example worthy of mention for the relief of burdened husbands that Jay Gould's daughter, Helen, thought it wise to wear a hat of this sort, and with a most fastidious taste, contents her soul with three."

OLD PARTY POLITICS TABOODED. Central Labor Union Delegates Must Keep Out of Them or Get Out.

The Central Labor Union said with no uncertain voice yesterday that its delegates must either refrain from taking sides with the old political parties or else get out of the Union.

The discussion came up on the report of the committee appointed to consider the case of Patrick J. Haybryne, the delegate accused of pernicious activity in Republican politics during the present campaign, respectively recommend the adoption of the following resolutions:

It is the sense of the Central Labor Union that no delegate ought to take any prominent part in any political party not endorsed by this Central Labor Union.

While every delegate has a right to take any political action, it is the duty of every delegate to keep his name prominently with either the Democratic or Republican party.

The minority of the committee wanted to have the words "ought to resign" substituted for "must resign," but the amendment was voted down by a vote of 66 to 17.

A Successful Reception and Concert Adds to the Campaign Fund.

About \$900 was added to the campaign funds of the United Labor party by the reception and concert given to Presidential Candidates Robert H. Cowdrey and William H. T. Wakefield at the Windsor Theatre.

Mr. Cowdrey was enthusiastically received, and Dr. McGlynn, Mr. Fitzgerald, of Connecticut, Henry Fyne and James Redpath were also warmly received.

The Carl Salm Club played sacred music and Miss Lilly Russell, Mr. Thomas Ballentine, Nellie Miller and Mrs. Ladonick-Murray volunteered their services as vocalists.

Among the Workers.

Secretary Bohm read to the Central Labor Union at yesterday's meeting a letter from Mayor Hewitt inviting the Central Labor Union to hold a meeting at the Dock Department laborers had not been paid on time.

The building trades, the brass-workers and the watch-case makers, who number 100 local in 49, are applying for separate charters. The building trades local will get their charter Oct. 1.

Section 6 has appointed a committee to settle the row between the Ale and Porter Brews' Protective Association, which is composed of Irishmen and Americans, and the Ale and Porter Brews' Union No. 1, which is composed of Germans.

The Arbitration Committee of the Central Labor Union is considering the complaint of the Progressive Painters that the painting on the Gansevoort Market at the City Hall is a violation of the law which prohibits the use of paint on the market.

The journeyman tailors of this city will hold a meeting at the City Hall on Monday night, Sept. 17, at 8 o'clock, to consider the question of trade action for the restriction of immigration.

The Quins section of 49, which met at 94 Forsyth street yesterday, suspended Excelsior Labor Club No. 1, 563; Yorkville Club No. 2, 929; Equality Association, which is composed of Irishmen and Americans, and the Ale and Porter Brews' Union No. 1, which is composed of Germans.

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